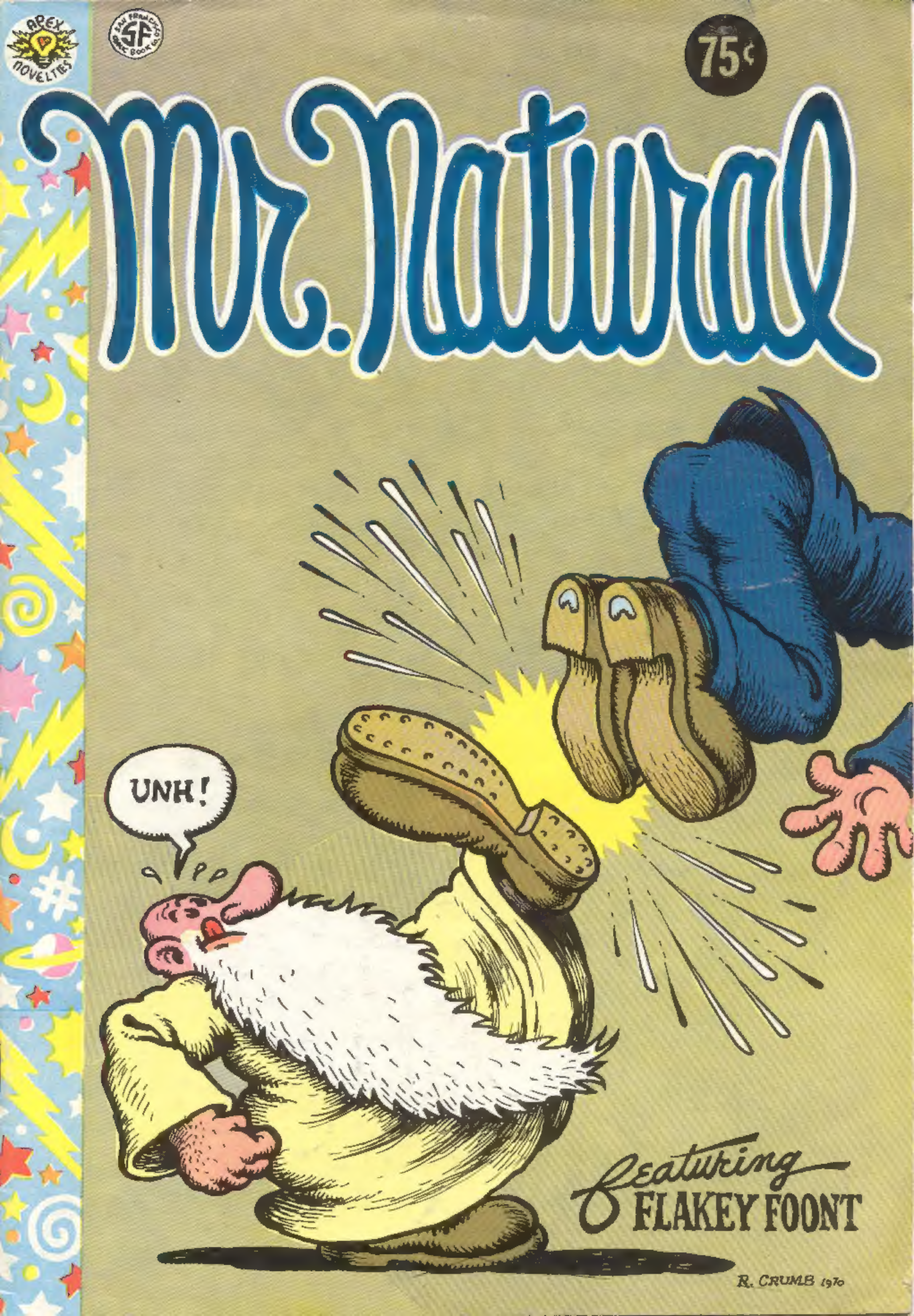
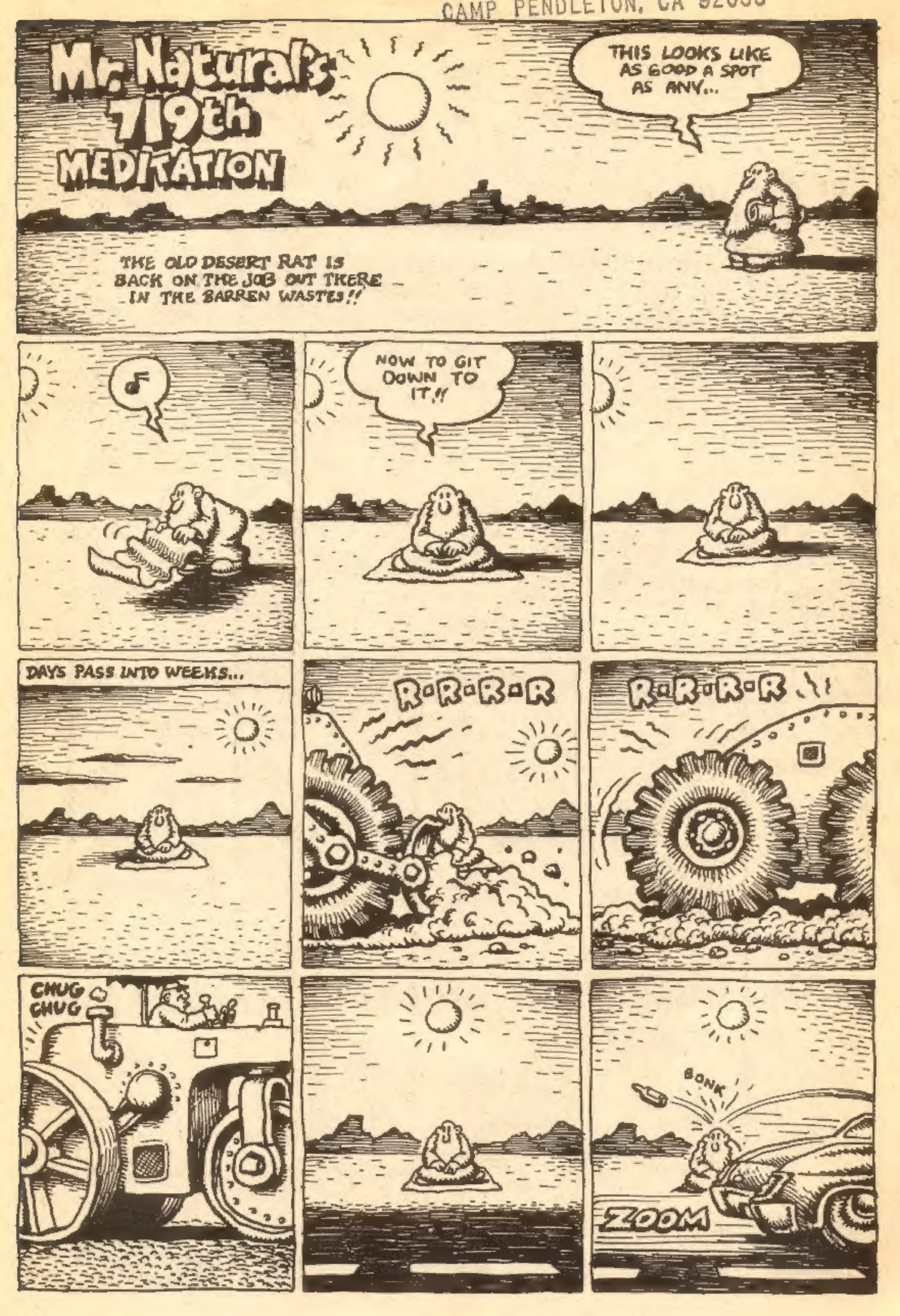
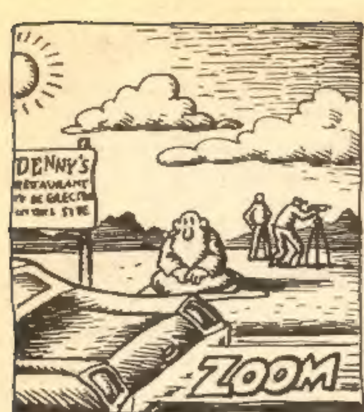

APEX NOVELTIES
SAN FRANCISCO
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BOOK CO.
75¢
Mr. Natural
UNH!
featuring FLAKEY FOONT
R. CRUMB 1970

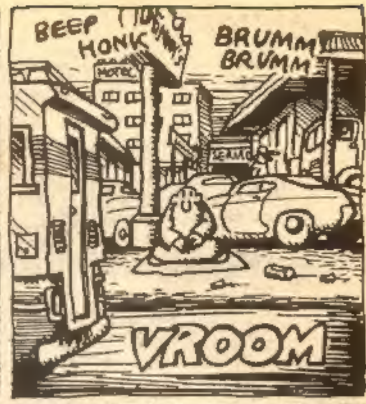


PUBLISHED BY APEX NOVELTIES 434 WALNUT ST., SAN FRANCISCO


Mr. Natural's 719th MEDITATION
THIS LOOKS LIKE AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY...
THE OLD DESERT RAT IS BACK ON THE JOB OUT THERE IN THE BARREN WASTES!!
NOW TO GIT DOWN TO IT!!
DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS...
R-R-R-R-R
R-R-R-R-R
CHUG CHUG
BONK
ZOOM


DENNY'S
RESTAURANT
ZOOM


DENNY'S


BEEP
HONK
BRUMM
BRUMM
MOTEL
VROOM


HEY YOU!
TAP TAP


YOU'RE OBSTRUCTIN' TRAFFIC... YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON!!


YOU HEARD ME! I SAID MOVE!!


MMMM
DOUBLE STAMPS TODAY

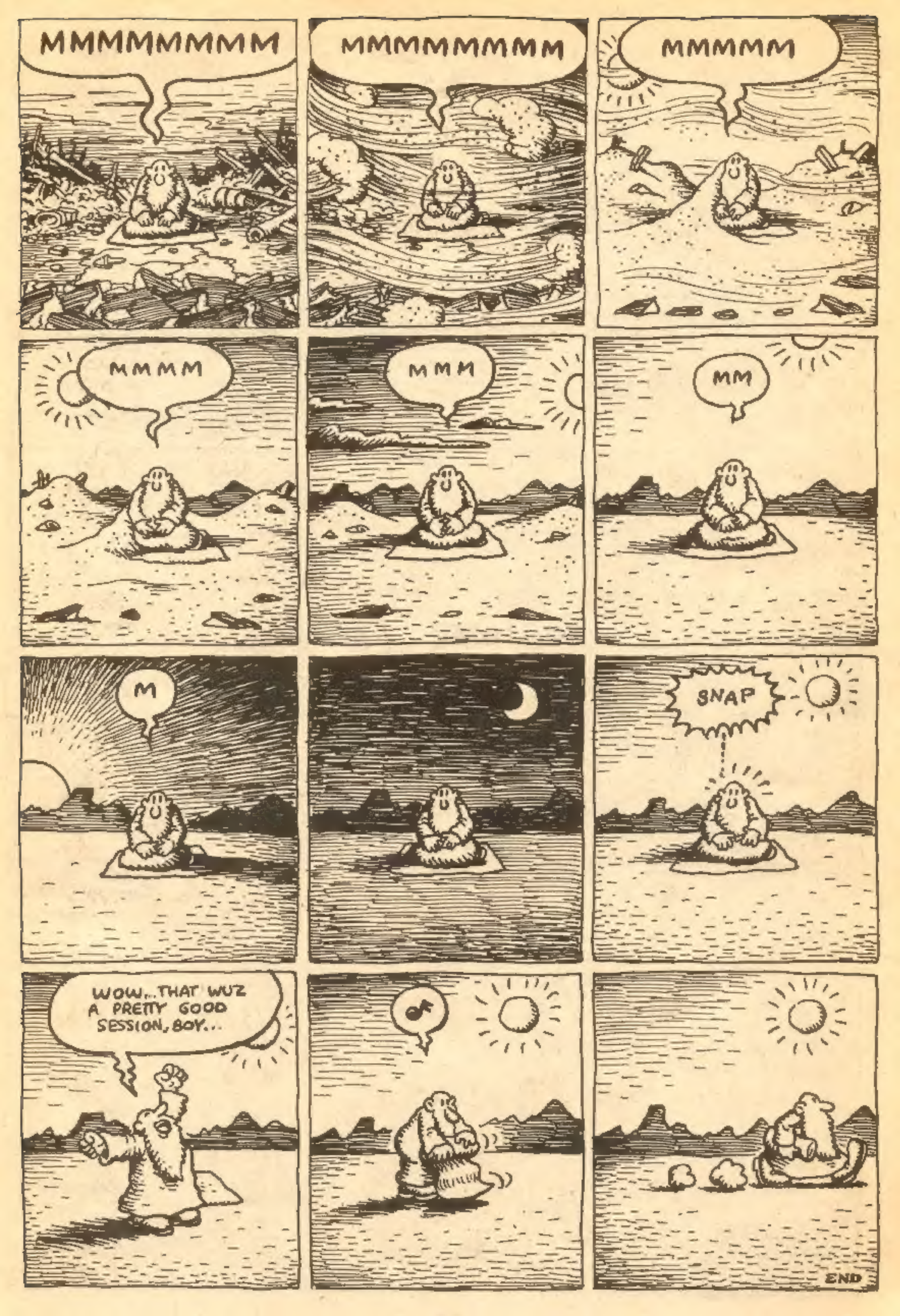

MMMMM


MMMMMM
YIPE!


MMMMMMMM


MMMMMMM


MMMMMM


MMMMMMMM
MMMMMMMMM
MMMMM
MMMM
MMM
MM
M
SNAP
WOW...THAT WUZ A PRETTY GOOD SESSION, BOY...
END

MR. NATURAL and SHUMAN the HUMAN in "OM SWEET OM"

OOMMM

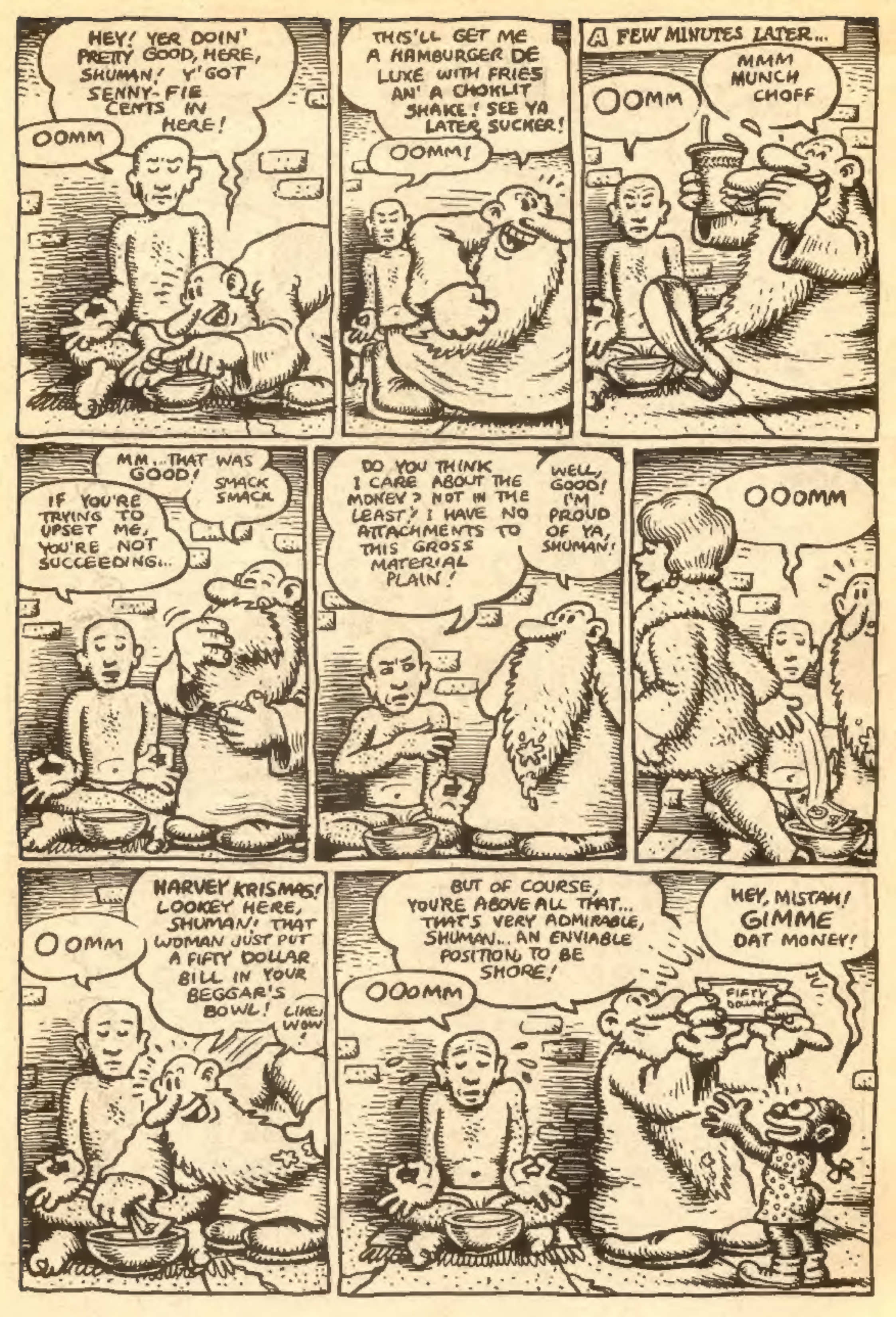











HEY! YER DOIN' PRETTY GOOD, HERE, SHUMAN! Y'GOT SENNY-FIE CENTS IN HERE!
OOMM
THIS'LL GET ME A HAMBURGER DE LUXE WITH FRIES AN' A CHOKLIT SHAKE! SEE YA LATER SUCKER!
OOMM!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
OOMM
MMM MUNCH CHOFF
MM...THAT WAS GOOD!
SMACK SMACK
IF YOU'RE TRYING TO UPSET ME, YOU'RE NOT SUCCEEDING...
DO YOU THINK I CARE ABOUT THE MONEY? NOT IN THE LEAST! I HAVE NO ATTACHMENTS TO THIS GROSS MATERIAL PLAIN!
WELL, GOOD! I'M PROUD OF YA, SHUMAN!
OOOMM
HARVEY KRISMAS! LOOKEY HERE, SHUMAN! THAT WOMAN JUST PUT A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL IN YOUR BEGGAR'S BOWL!
OOMM
LIKE, WOW!
BUT OF COURSE, YOU'RE ABOVE ALL THAT... THAT'S VERY ADMIRABLE, SHUMAN... AN ENVIABLE POSITION TO BE SHORE!
OOOMM
HEY, MISTAH! GIMME DAT MONEY!
FIFTY DOLLARS



WHY CERTAINLY, MY CHILD... HERE YOU ARE... DON'T SPEND IT ALL ON CANDY OR YOUR TEETH WILL FALL OUT... HEH HEH
OOMM
BYE!
LISTEN! I GOTTA PAY TH' RENT TOO, YA KNOW!
HAW HAW! I KILL ME!! HA HA!
WHY DONT YOU GO DO YOUR THING AND ALLOW ME TO DO MINE!
YES... I KNOW... I SHOULDN'T TEASE YOU, SHUMAN... IT'S NOT RIGHT... BUT YOU KNOW ME... ALWAYS FULL OF MISCHIEF...
OOMM!
OKAY, WHICH IS D' GUY WHAT GAVE YOU DE MONEY, LI'L EUCALYPTUS CHILE!?
UM-
IT WUZ DAT DUDE, OTIS!
WELL, WELL! HEL-LO AGAIN!
HEY, MAN... WE APPRECIATE YOU GIVEN DAT FIFTY BUCKS TO TH' LI'L SISTUH... YOU GOT ANY MO' FO' US?
YEAH, AN' FO' D'BLACK COM-MUNITY?
ME SOME TOO!
NOT ME, FELLAS! I RIPPED IT OUTA THAT BEGGAR'S BOWL! HONEST!
OOOOMM


I BEEN STANDIN' HERE WATCHIN' THIS BEGGAR HERE AN' BELIEVE ME, HE RAKES IN PLENTY O' DOUGH WITH THAT "OM" ROUTINE!
OH YEAH? NOW I GET IT! THANKS BRUH!
THAT'S NO LIE!
OMM
HEY YOU HOLYMAN! SNAP OUT OF IT!
SHEEIT! HE GOT NO MORE MONEY NOW!
OOOMM!
HEY! COOL THAT SHIT FO' A MINUTE, MAN! AH'M TRINE T' TALK T' YEW!! DIG?
O-
YA SEE, TH' THING IS, ME AN' MAH BRUTHAS HERE, WE SORTA LOOK AFTUH TH' NEIGHBAHOOD, YOU UNDASTAN'? GITTIN' IT TOGETHER FO' OUR PEOPLE Y' KNOW?
SO LIKE WE JIS' WANTS YOU T'MAKE A LITTLE DONATION OUTA WUT GITS PUT IN YOU BOWL, THERE, YOU DIG? SAY, FIFTY P'CENT...
BETTA MAKE IT SIXTY!
YEAH! DAT'S FAIR ENOUGH!
ER... ALRIGHT! SURE!
WE'LL SEND A BRUTHA AROUN' TO CHECK OUT YO' BOWL EVUY ONCE IN A WHILE... LATER!
PEACE BROTHERS...
I GOTTA FIND A MORE PEACE-FUL SECTION.. WHEW! THOSE CATS ARE ON A HEAVY TRIP! BOY, WHAT BAD VIBES!
GONNA MOVE UPTOWN, HUH SHUMAN ?
SNICKER
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU... YOU...
TUT TUT... RE-MEMBER YOUR HIGHER SELF, SHUMAN... IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS WHICH CALL FOR THAT EXTRA EFFORT TO RAISE THE LEVEL OF CONSCIOUS-NESS!
DONUTS


OOOMM
THAT'S TH' STUFF!
SLAP
MR. NATURAL, WILL YOU PLEASE GO AWAY AN' LEAVE ME ALONE?!
WHAT! IT'S A FREE COUNTRY! I HAVE TH' RIGHT TO WALK DOWN TH' STREET IF I WANT.... SAME AS YOU!
NO! YOU STOP IT! SCREECH YELL SHREEK!
GOOD LORD, HE'S FLIPPIN' OUT! SHUMAN, PLEASE! KARMA KARMA!
GRRRR
RUN! HELP! MAD MAN!
GRR
HELLO OPERATOR! QUICK! SEND TH' MEN IN WHITE COATS DOWN HERE! HURRY! THERE'S A LUNATIC ON THE LOOSE!
JEZ' CALM DOWN, SHOOMIN! WE AINT GONE TO HURT YO'!
TSK TSK! I HATED TO DO THAT, BUT HE WAS OBVIOUSLY GETTING DANGEROUS!
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
HEY SHUMAN! LONG TIME NO SEE!! WHENJA GET OUTA TH' NUT HOUSE?!
NOM HYO RENGE KYO— NOM HYO RENGE KYO—
"NOM HYO RENGE KYO"... REMEMBER THOSE WORDS, MR. NATURAL, FOR, BY REPEATING THAT SHORT PHRASE FOR ONLY TWO HOURS A DAY, ALL YOUR WORLDLY PROBLEMS WILL BE SOLVED... SAY! WHY DONT YOU COME ALONG WITH ME TO TH' MEETING! I'M SURE YOU'D FIND IT MOST INSPIRATIONAL!
ER... WELL... I LEFT A PIE IN TH' OVEN, OTHERWISE I'D... THAT IS..
END

The Origins of MR. NATURAL



THIS TINY BATTERED PHOTOGRAPH MAY BE THE FIRST ONE EVER TAKEN OF MR. NATURAL, BUT THE [redacted] HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS. BACK OF PHOTO IS INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME "FRED" BUT IS NOT MR. NATURAL'S HANDWRITING.



EARLIST KNOWN PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS DEFINITELY THE VENERABLE ONE IS THIS PORTRAIT SIGNED "F. NATURAL, WESSINGTON SPRINGS, S.D., 1908." HANDWRITING EXPERTS HAVE VERIFIED THE SIGNATURE, AND AN OLD-TIMER STILL LIVING IN ALCESTER, SOUTH DAKOTA, RECALLS A MAN NAMED FRED NATURAL WHO JOBBED AROUND THAT AREA IN THOSE DAYS. HE REMEMBERS HIM AS A "NICE QUIET FELLOW."

MANY OF YOU Mr. Natural fans have asked that we run an article on the man's past life and early background. Certainly a life history on Mr. Natural is a fascinating idea, and so, with a certain amount of skepticism, we set about investigating. Our doubts were confirmed as we ran into one blind alley after another, and finally were forced to abandon trying to fill in several large gaps in his past. Whole decades, in fact, are entirely missing. A frustrating experience for the conscientious historian and Mr. Natural enthusiast.

His childhood is completey clouded in obscurity. His birthplace and birthdate are entirely unknown. No records have been found, and no relatives, and, of course, no one has been able to squeeze an ounce of information out of the Old Man Himself (except, according to him, that his father is still alive and well, but he won't tell us where.) All knowledge of his life has been gathered without his help or support, and the whole project leaves him "Cold", as he puts it.

The 1908 photograph is the earliest proof we have of his existence. The photo was sent to us by Mrs. Ada Cooper, a Mr. Natural fan, who found the old picture in a trunk full of her mother's belongings. Mrs. Cooper says she can never remember her mother, now deceased, ever mentioning that she knew Mr. Natural.

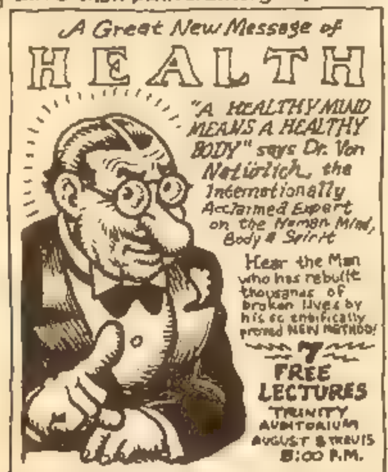
As for his age at the time the photograph was taken, he appears to have been between thirty-five and forty, which would make him close to one-hundred years old today!!

Not a clue exists as to his whereabouts between 1908 and 1921, the year our wild young wiseman moved to Chicago, where he stayed up to 1929. Here we lose track of the elusive sage for another seven years. But we managed to hunt down several people who knew him in "that toddlin' town" in the twenties, and so have gathered a fairly complete picture of Mr. Natural's adventures through that lurid decade.

In the fall of 1921 Mr Natural got a job in a drugstore as an errand runner on the near north side. (Some believe the drugstore was a front for a speak-easy and that it was Natch's job to deliver

the illegal booze to thirsty customers, but this is mere here-say). It may have been while in the employ of this pharmacy that he became interested in the drug field, for two years later, in 1923 he was promoting a "Wonder Drug" that he claimed could cure all "mental and spiritual ills" and had a small but enthusiastic cult of followers, mostly women, who endorsed this claim vigorously. Going under the name of "Dr. Von Netürlich," he travelled through the midwest for a short time, selling the "wonder elixir" and "healing" the sick, until he was arrested in Peoria, Illinois, convicted of Fraud and spent six months in the county jail. There are still those who applaud Dr. Von Naturlich's Wonder-Drug, and curse the day his entire stock was confiscated by the police. Mrs. Vicki Hodgetts, now of Los Angeles, said to me when I talked with her: "Well, yes! It certainly was a wonder drug! I know it was, because I was absolutely neurotic! I was miserable, believe me! Then along comes this Dr Von Naturlich. and well, I've been a very happy person ever since!!"

The police file on the case, which was still in the Peoria Courthouse, states, "Although perported to possess potent powers over the mind and spirit, a close scrutiny of this so-called "Wonder Drug" under a microscope has proven without a shadow of a doubt that it is nothing more than plain ordinary tap-water."



HANDBILL SHOWING "DR. VON NATÜRLICH" IN THE YEAR 1924

After his release from jail, he turned his talents to magic, and for a few months performed his feats of mystic hoodoo in Vaudeville houses around Chicago. He was billed as "Mr. Natural the Magnificent." This career, too, met with opposition from the conservatives of that primitive time, and his show was cut short one night by a panic-stricken theatre manager who ordered the curtain brought down on Mr. Natural's "Unnatural Act" which he was about to perform on an hypnotized lady participant. He was blacklisted and never performed as a magician again.

Evidently, he was undaunted by past defeats, and in the spring of 1926 he somehow managed to get together a small dance band and began a successful career in the music business as a band-leader.

This band was known as "Mr. Natural and his Seven Lyrical Lechers" at first and later the group was enlarged to thirteen members under the name of "Mr. Natural's Lyrical Lechers and their Orchestra." They were a popular group around Chicago for almost two years, playing in roadhouses and Cafes, and an occasional College Prom or Hotel Ballroom. Mr. Natural himself wrote many of the songs in their repatoire and even played an assortment of unlikely instruments. Their arrangements had a strangely unique sound as evidenced by a few surviving records.



TWO RECORDS CUT [illegible] MR. NATURAL'S BAND IN THE SUMMER OF 1928

It was an era of easy money and within a year, Mr. Natural had accumulated a small fortune. In 1928 he was living in a large plush home in a Chicago suburb, owned two Packard limousines, employed the services of a maid, butler and chauffer and threw huge wild parties.

Then, suddenly, and unexpectedly, he gave it all away to some bum he'd picked up on the street, typical of the restless, unfathomable nature of his perfect being. His friends were totally baffled by this sudden change, and when he moved to a cheap skid-row hotel, he gradually lost contact with his former well-to-do whoopee-making friends.

Harry Baines, the drummer in the band, says "We had some good times back then. I'll never understand why Natchy threw it all away. Everybody thought he was nuts! Of course, two years later, the rest of us went down the tubes along with him!"

"It looked to me liked he just flipped his noodle!" —Joey Norton, banjo player in the group.

"I still can't figure it! I used to think he was a smart operator 'til he pulled that stunt! And he even had it put in writing! Crackers!" —Doris Hall, wife of Cafe owner Monte Hall.

From the winter of '28-'29, when Mr. Natural moved to skid-row, until a full seven years later, nothing is known of him.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH, MADE IN DEC., 1933, CONTAINS A PERSON WHO MIGHT BE MR. NATURAL, ACCORDING TO THE SAN MATEO CHAPTER OF THE MR. NATURAL SOCIETY, WHO FOUND THE PICTURE. "WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?" SAYS THE GROUP'S PRESIDENT. INDEED, THERE IS A STRONG RESEMBLANCE IN THE FEATURES OF THE DOWN-AND-OUT CHAP ABOVE TO THOSE OF THE LIVING SAINT. PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN CHICAGO, BUT NO ONE HAS TURNED UP WHO KNEW HIM THERE AFTER 1929.

In 1936 he popped up again on the west coast, where he met another great American folk hero and all-around geek, the "Old Pooperoo". The Old Poop was working as a fruit picker in Central California in the late thirties, and he and Mr. Natural crossed paths in a working-man's bar in Modesto one night in October, 1936. They became close friends and traveled together, picking up a few dollars now and then working in the fields or on construction jobs, getting drunk and whoring and hopping frieght cars all over the United States.

"Natural was a good ol' boy, yep... we went through plenty of troubles together, you bet! Why, we musta been in every calaboose in this land of Liberty, from Maine to California and back again! We fought about women and cried on each other's shoulder over lost romances... we talked about old times back home for hours, an' when we had a few bucks we lived like royal Turks! But they was generally tough times, so I got in with some sharpies in Philly and for awhile there I was rakin' it in. This was around '39 or '40. I didn't see Natural much after that. I guess I got too Booshwah fer him. He wuz uneasy around my business associates. I s'pose we did put on some airs, haw haw. strictly high-hat! So he got bored and headed back west an' I didn't see him again, like I said. But I started hearing stories about him gettin' in with small-time crooks an' dope fiends, so I sent him some cash to come east an get in the business with me, but of course he just spent the money and wrote askin me for more and more 'til I got fed up and wouldn't send him any. I figured he was Hell bent on a dead-end course. Last I heard, he wuz runnin around with a tough twerp from Tulsa name of Judy Holiday. not th' same one as th movie star, but a nice lookin' dish from what I heard." No one seems to know what became of this Tulsa sweetheart.

When the War broke out Mr. Natural once again vanished from the scene. He has talked vaguely of this period of his life, but will not give us any specific details (He claims he can't remember). By his own admission, if we can trust him, he was in the Middle and Far East through the war years and after. He says he was in India, traveled to China, the Himalayas, Tibet and Afghanistan, where he got work as a Taxi driver, and, in his own words "learned many strange and wonderful things" in those distant lands.

He returned to America in 1953, "for some stupid reason" and loafed around for a year "getting very depressed about the world situation," he tells us, and so, renouncing all worldly pursuits and pleasures, he retreated to Death Valley in 1955 to "start anew."

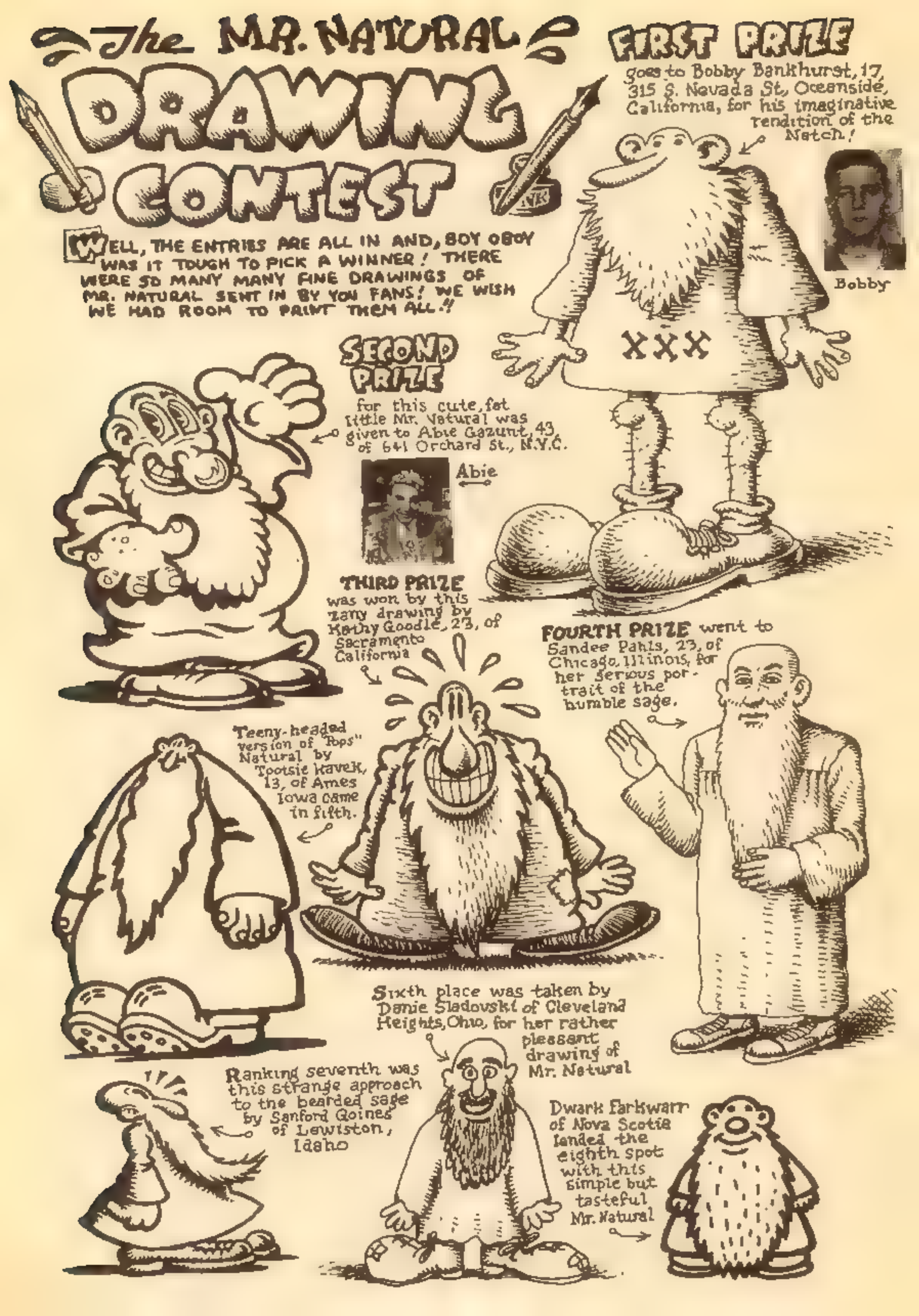
In June, 1960, a small group of ardent devotees formed the first chapter of the Mr. Natural Fan Clubs of America in Southern California. They kept close ties with his spiritual development in the desert, as well as looking after his financial matters. In 1965 he began making speaking tours, visiting Colleges and Universities, and by 1966 he was already coming into his own as a recognized powerful spiritual force on this planet, a great religious leader, and a living model of Godlike perfection for all of Humanity to emulate. His moving words of wisdom have been translated into German, French, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, Dutch and Japanese, and his presence on this globe has changed it for the better, as we all know!!



THE OLD POOPEROO AND MR. NATURAL IN CHEYENNE WYOMING, 1938



MR. NATURAL WITH A GROUP OF EARLY DISCIPLES IN LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA, MARCH 1962


The MR. NATURAL DRAWING CONTEST
WELL, THE ENTRIES ARE ALL IN AND, BOY OBOY WAS IT TOUGH TO PICK A WINNER! THERE WERE SO MANY MANY FINE DRAWINGS OF MR. NATURAL SENT IN BY YOU FANS! WE WISH WE HAD ROOM TO PRINT THEM ALL!!
FIRST PRIZE
goes to Bobby Bankhurst, 17, 315 S. Nevada St, Oceanside, California, for his imaginative rendition of the Natch!
XXX
Bobby
INK
SECOND PRIZE
for this cute, fat little Mr. Natural was given to Abie Gazunt, 43 of 641 Orchard St., N.Y.C.
Abie
THIRD PRIZE
was won by this zany drawing by Kathy Goodle, 23, of Sacramento California
FOURTH PRIZE went to Sandee Pahls, 23, of Chicago, Illinois, for her serious portrait of the humble sage.
Teeny-headed version of "Pops" Natural by Tootsie Kavek, 13, of Ames Iowa came in fifth.
Sixth place was taken by Danie Sladovski of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, for her rather pleasant drawing of Mr. Natural
Ranking seventh was this strange approach to the bearded sage by Sanford Goines of Lewiston, Idaho
Dwark Farkwarr of Nova Scotia landed the eighth spot with this simple but tasteful Mr. Natural

RUNNERS-UP:



Candy Yamamoto, 19
San Francisco, California



Janet Shapiro, 24
Buffalo, New York



Melvin Smurdley, 37
Evansville, Indiana



E.J. McEnelly, 39
Perth Amboy, New Jersey



Carol Kraft, 6
North Platte, Nebraska



Arnie Needleman, 28
Brooklyn, New York



Barbara —?—, ?
San Anselmo, California



Neil Schneiderman, 26
Cleveland Heights, Ohio



Gary Arlington, 30
Nome, Alaska



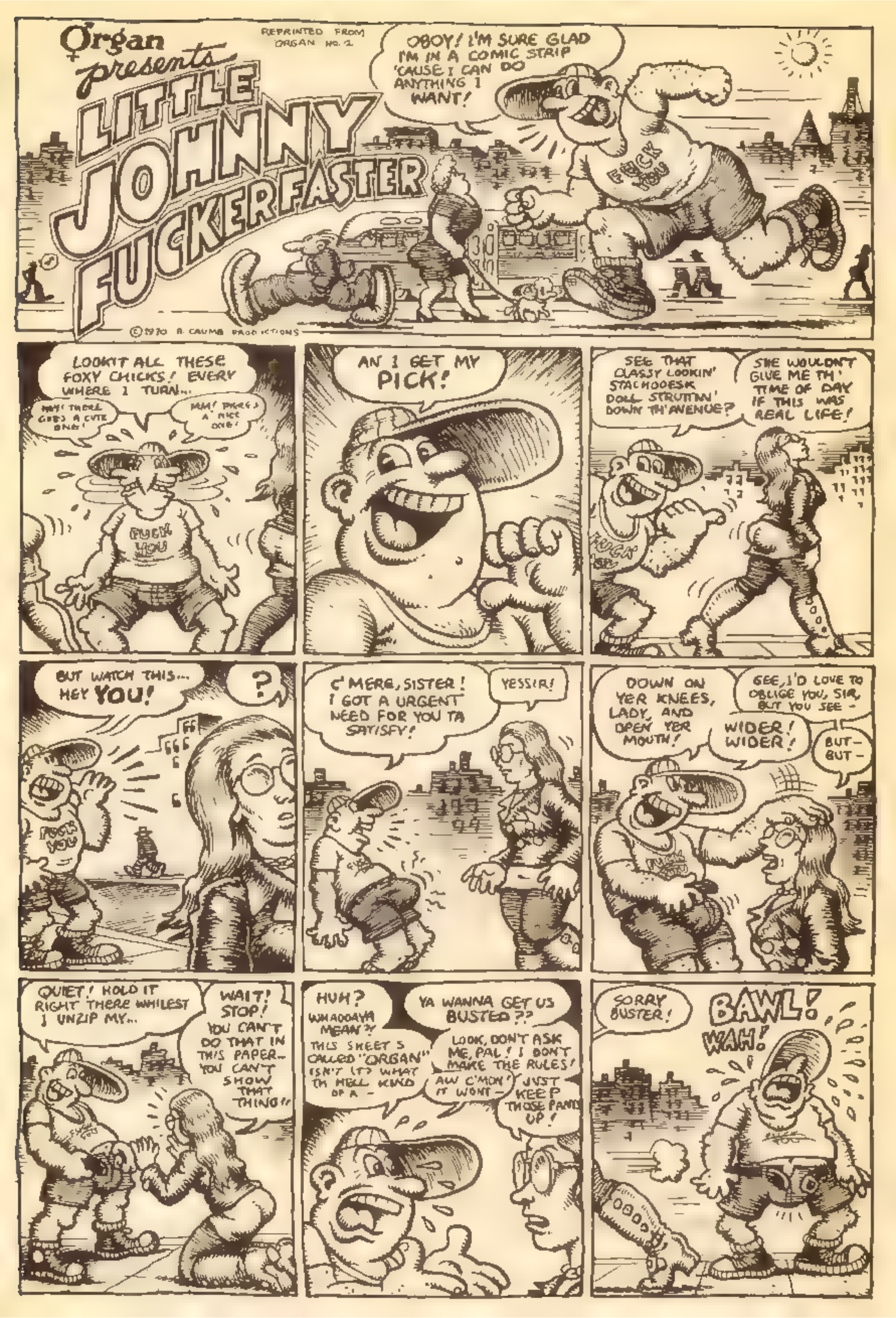
C.V. Crumb, Jr., 28
Havertown, Pennsylvania



Mrs. R.H. Morgan, 48
Chicago, Illinois

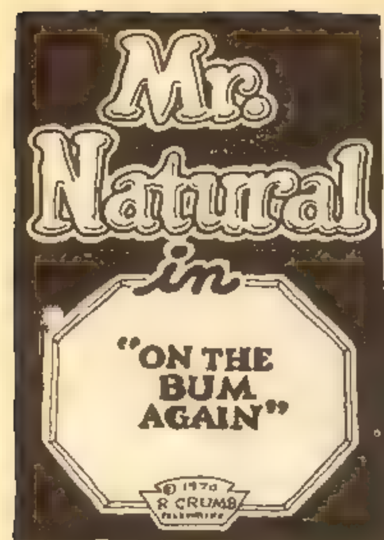


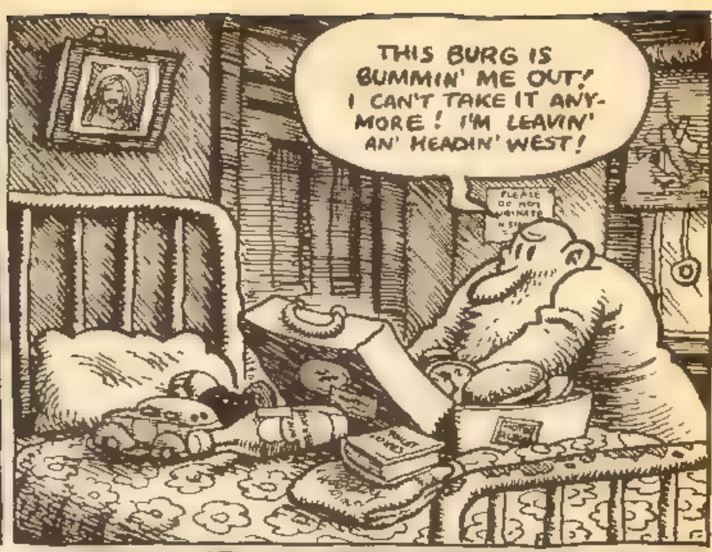
Mike Britt, 26
Tigard, Oregon



Organ presents
REPRINTED FROM ORGAN NO. 2
LITTLE JOHNNY FUCKERFASTER
OBOY! I'M SURE GLAD I'M IN A COMIC STRIP 'CAUSE I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT!
FUCK YOU
©1970 R. CRUMB PRODUCTIONS
LOOKIT ALL THESE FOXY CHICKS! EVERY WHERE I TURN...
MM! THERE GOES A CUTE ONE!
MM! THERE'S A NICE ONE!
AN I GET MY PICK!
SEE THAT CLASSY LOOKIN' STACHOOESK DOLL STRUTTIN' DOWN TH' AVENUE?
SHE WOULDN'T GIVE ME TH' TIME OF DAY IF THIS WAS REAL LIFE!
BUT WATCH THIS... HEY YOU!
?
C'MERE, SISTER! I GOT A URGENT NEED FOR YOU TA SATISFY!
YESSIR!
DOWN ON YER KNEES, LADY, AND OPEN YER MOUTH!
GEE, I'D LOVE TO OBLIGE YOU, SIR, BUT YOU SEE -
WIDER! WIDER!
BUT- BUT-
QUIET! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE WHILEST I UNZIP MY...
WAIT! STOP! YOU CAN'T DO THAT IN THIS PAPER- YOU CAN'T SHOW THAT THING!!
HUH? WHADDAYA MEAN?!
YA WANNA GET US BUSTED??
THIS SHEET'S CALLED "ORGAN" ISN'T IT? WHAT TH HELL KIND OF A -
LOOK, DON'T ASK ME, PAL! I DON'T MAKE THE RULES!
AW C'MON! IT WONT -
JUST KEEP THOSE PANTS UP!
SORRY BUSTER!
BAWL!
WAH!


SHUMAN the HUMAN
I'M A PATHETIC HUMAN WRECK..
NO ONE KNOWS HOW WEIGHTED DOWN I AM BY THE SORROWS OF THIS WORLD...
I STAND ALONE IN MY PAINFUL SENSITIVITY!
HEY, WHAT'S BUGGIN' YOU, MAC?
WHY TH' LONG FACE?
I'M AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!
WELL FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW!
HERE LIES SAINT SHUMAN A BEAUTIFUL PERSON WHO WAS CRUSHED BY A BRUTAL WORLD

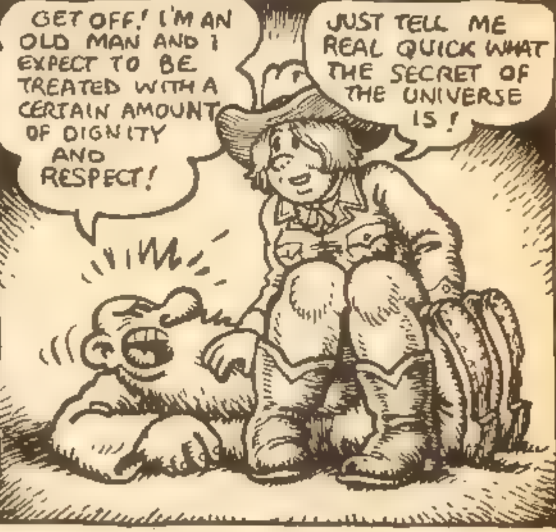

Mr. Natural
in
"ON THE BUM AGAIN"
© 1970 R CRUMB


THIS BURG IS BUMMIN' ME OUT! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY-MORE! I'M LEAVIN' AN' HEADIN' WEST!
PLEASE DO NOT

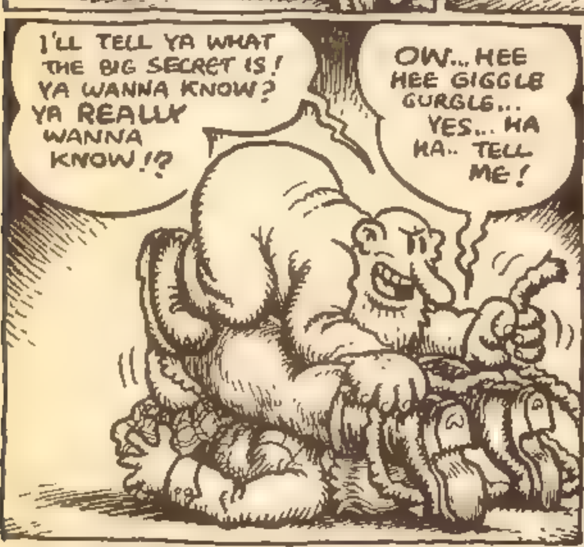

IT'S TH' WIDE OPEN SPACES FOR ME! I WANNA SEE THAT PURPLE SAGE AND HEAR THOSE COYOTES HOWL ONCE AGAIN!
WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES LA DA DEE DUM
Mr. Natural
DISCOUNT
OUT OF BIZNIZ
WIZARDRY & MIRACLES
ESP
COME RIGHT IN
WE GOT ANSWERS


GOTCHA!
WHULP!

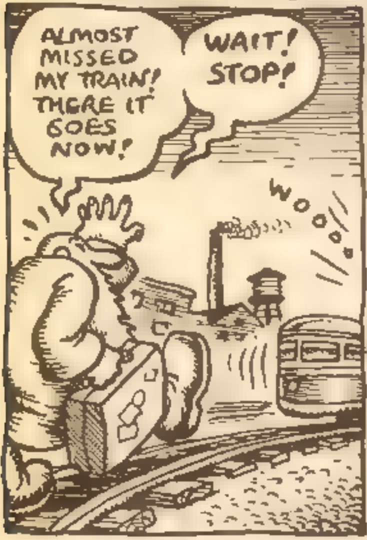

LET ME GO! CONSARN YA GOLDANG WHIPPER SNAPPIN' SNOT-NOSE SNIP!
YAHOO!


GET OFF! I'M AN OLD MAN AND I EXPECT TO BE TREATED WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF DIGNITY AND RESPECT!
JUST TELL ME REAL QUICK WHAT THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE IS!

SECRET? WHAT SECRET? I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY "SECRET"! NOW WILL YOU KINDLY LET ME UP?
BUT-BUT-
LOOK, LADY! YOU KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT IT AS I DO, IF NOT MORE! SO WHY BUG ME? WHO AM I?
EEEK! TEE HEE!



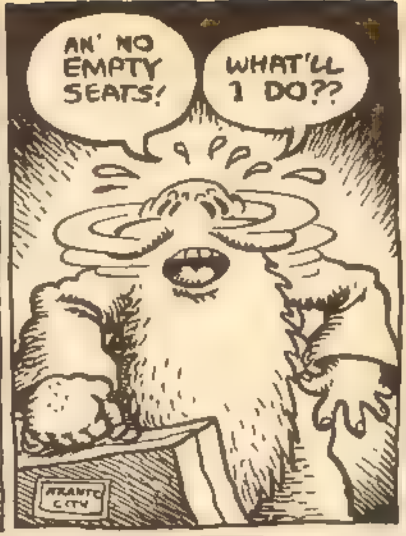









UH OH! HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR! AN' ME WITHOUT [redacted] TICKET NOR MONEY EITHER!
TICKETS PLEASE


AN' NO EMPTY SEATS!
WHAT'LL I DO??


EXCUSE ME, SIR... WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO WATCH MY BABY GIRL WHILE I GO TO THE LADIES ROOM?
ER... WHY CERTAINLY MA'AM!


SO LONG, BRAT! NOW I'M RID OF YOU AT LAST!!


DID YOU DITCH TH' BIG BABY?
YEAH... STUCK HER WITH SOME OL' CODGER 'BACK THERE...
I CAN USE A DRINK!
GOOD! COME ON! WE'LL STAY IN THE BAR CAR 'TILL WE GET OFF IN OMAHA!


HI KID... WHERE Y' HEADED... HMM... BABIES GET TO RIDE FOR FREE...
GOO


TICKETS PLEASE! TICKETS!
DA DA
?

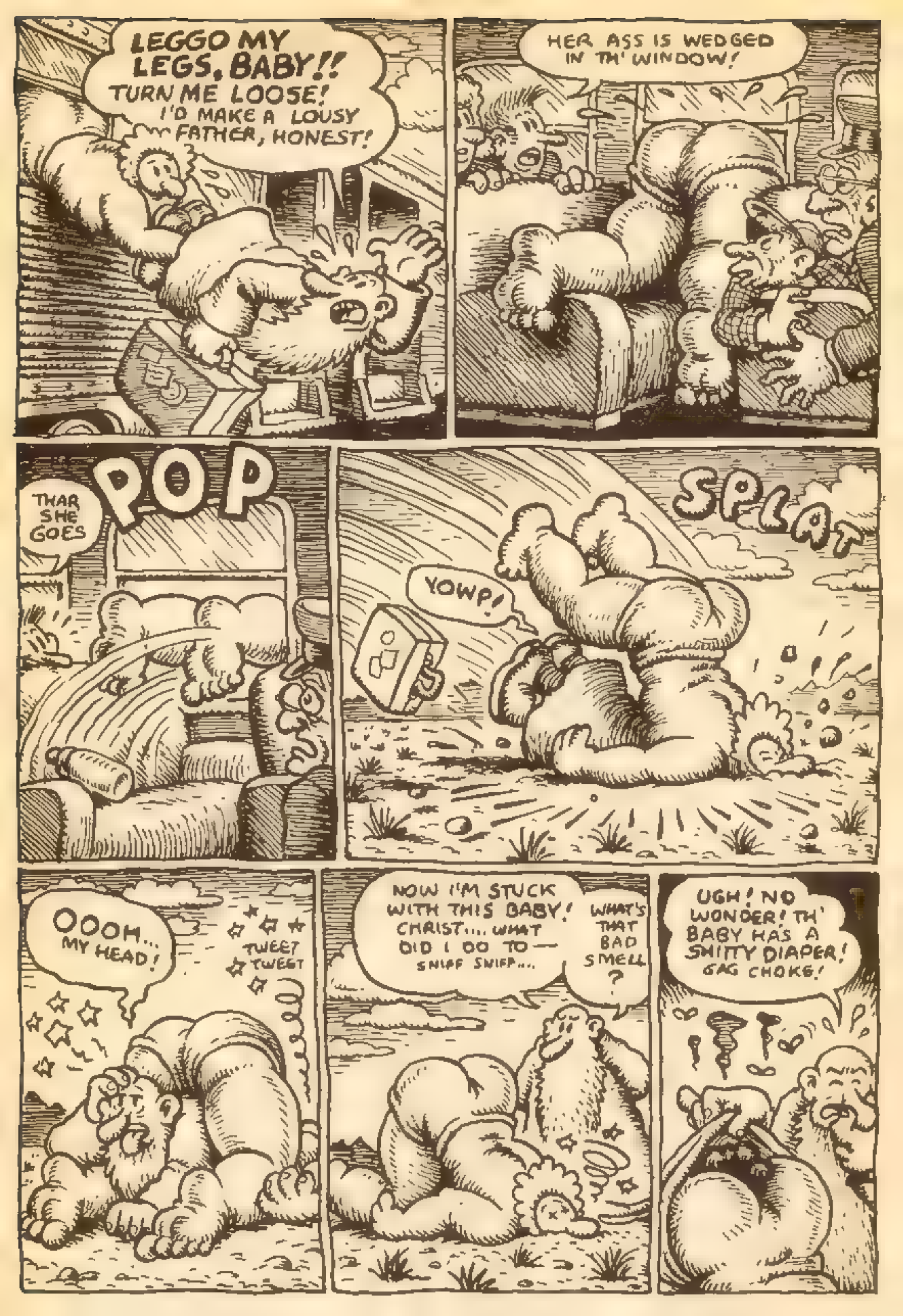

WHEW! NOW I CAN RELAX 'TIL THAT WOMAN WANTS HER SEAT BACK.. MAYBE SHE'LL TAKE... A ...LONG... TIME...
ZZZZ
ZZ


Mr. Natural has a dream
Z

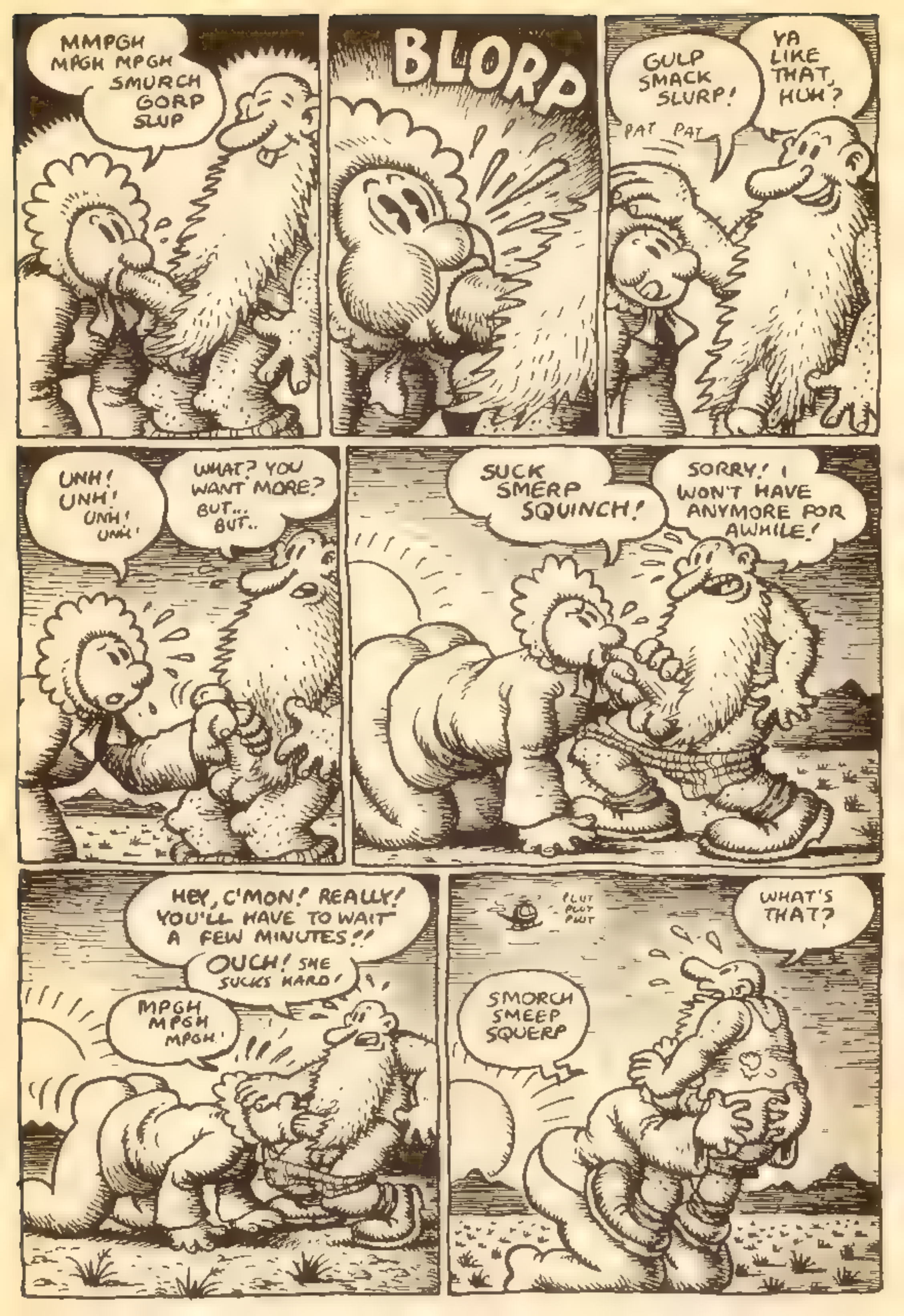




IT'S MORNING! HEY, WHERE'S YOUR MOMMA?? WHADDAYA KNOW! THAT LADY NEVER CAME BACK!!
BAWL!
YOUR MOMMA MUSTA DEE-SERTED YOU... POOR BABY!! YOU'RE HUNGRY, HUH?
WA WA
HEY CONDUCTOR!! BRING US SOME MILK OVER HERE!!
EH?
SA-AY!! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU BEFORE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR TICKET!!
LISTEN! YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
NO! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M MISTER NATURAL 'N' DON'T YOU FORGET IT!
I WON'T... NOW LET'S SEE YOUR TICKET, PLEASE!
I DON'T HAFTA SHOW YOU NO STINKIN' TICKET!!
DON'T SHOOT!
THIS'S WHERE I GET OFF!! FUCK THIS TRAIN... WHO NEEDS IT!! I'LL WALK—
HEY!


LEGGO MY LEGS, BABY!! TURN ME LOOSE! I'D MAKE A LOUSY FATHER, HONEST!
HER ASS IS WEDGED IN TH' WINDOW!
THAR SHE GOES
POP
SPLAT
YOWP!
OOOH... MY HEAD!
TWEET TWEET
NOW I'M STUCK WITH THIS BABY! CHRIST.... WHAT DID I DO TO— SNIFF SNIFF....
WHAT'S THAT BAD SMELL ?
UGH! NO WONDER! TH' BABY HAS A SHITTY DIAPER! GAG CHOKE!


PEW! NO WONDER THAT WOMAN GOT RID OF TH' BIG NUISANCE!
YECHH!
PLOP
WAAAH!
NOW WHAT'RE YOU BLUBBERIN' ABOUT?! OH YEAH... STILL HUNGRY... WELL... I DUNNO!
@☆*!!!!& COME OUT HERE FOR MEDITATION AN' END UP BABY SITTIN' HERE! PUT THIS ON! SNORT!
?
I'LL NEVER GET ANY TRANCES GOIN' WITH YOU'AROUND!
COME ON! LET'S GO FIND YOU SOME FOOD!
LATER THAT DAY...
BOY AM I BEAT!
WE BEEN TRAVELIN' FOR HOURS AN' NOT A SIGN OF A REST-AURANT OR EVEN A COW! AN' THEN THIS KID DOESN'T MOVE TOO FAST EITHER!
HMMM... THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
HEY, BABE! LOOK! IT'S FEEDING TIME!
(ACTUALLY THERE'S A GOOD AMOUNT OF VITAMINS AN' PROTEIN IN CUM... SHE CAN PROBBLY LIVE ON IT FOR AWHILE)
GOO!


MMPGH MPGH MPGH SMURCH GORP SLUP
BLORP
GULP SMACK SLURP!
PAT PAT
YA LIKE THAT, HUH?
UNH! UNH! UNH! UNH!
WHAT? YOU WANT MORE? BUT... BUT..
SUCK SMERP SQUINCH!
SORRY! I WON'T HAVE ANYMORE FOR AWHILE!
HEY, C'MON! REALLY! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A FEW MINUTES!!
OUCH! SHE SUCKS HARD!
MPGH MPGH MPGH!
PLUT PLUT PWUT
WHAT'S THAT?
SMORCH SMEEP SQUERP


HEY LISTEN, BIG BABY! REALLY, YOU GOTTA STOP 'CAUSE SOMEBODY'S COMIN' IN A HELICOPTER AN' THAT MEANS TROUBLE!!
PLUT PLUT PLUT
GORP SMORP SNORK
MAYBE IF I HOLD HER NOSE SO SHE CAN'T BREATHE... AAHHH...
SORRY, BABY!
POP
WELL WELL! HOWDY, OFFICER! NICE EVENING, ISN'T IT!? HEH HEH!!
I SAW THAT! EVERY BIT OF IT! I DON'T MISS A THING WITH MY LONG-RANGE BINOCULARS HERE! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!
THE CHILD WAS HUNGRY! WHAT ELSE COULD I DO, OUT HERE IN TH' MIDDLE OF NOWHERE... THERE JUST WASN'T ANY ALTERNATIVE...
IN FACT, SHE'S STILL HUNGRY! WHY DON'T YOU LET HER SUCK YOURS?
WHAT??
GOD
WHY YOU FILTHY SCUM! YOU'RE THE LOWEST KIND OF VERMIN THERE IS! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET PUT AWAY A GOOD LONG TIME FOR THIS! IN ALL MY YEARS AS A RANGER, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO LOW AND ROTTEN! IT'S AN UNBELIEVABLE OUTRAGE! SHOCKING!
CLICK
BUT, I TELL YA, TH' KID WAS HUNGRY..
?
And so....
THERE AIN'T A CLINK IN THIS FUCKIN' CUNTRY THAT CAN HOLD ME! YOU'LL SEE! AN' I'LL SPRING TH' BIG BABY TOO! YOU'LL SEE!
NOBUDDY KNOWS DE TRUBBLE AH SEEN...
TO BE CONTINUED!!

Mr. Natural's OLD MAN featuring Li'l Cute



















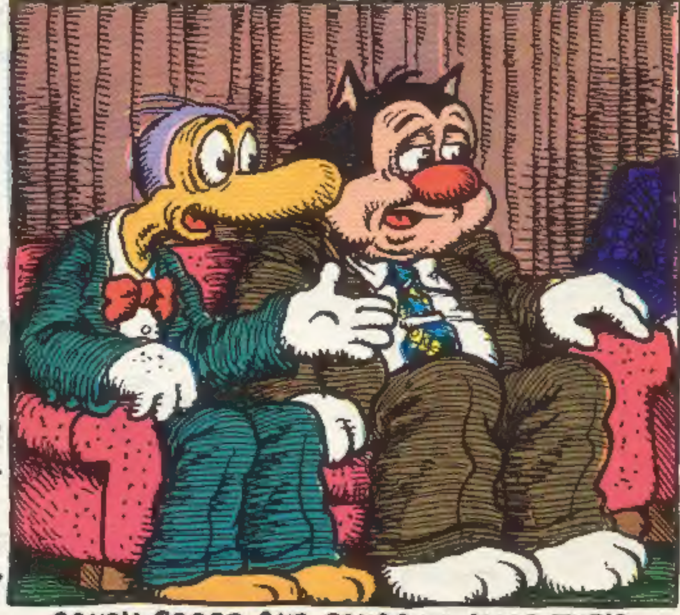
WHAT A HATEFUL OLD MAN!

Great Cartoon Characters of the Past:

Where Are They Now

GANDY GOOSE and SOURPUSS

ANYBODY WHO WAS A READER OF THE OLD PAUL TERRY'S TERRY TOONS YEARS AGO WILL NEVER FORGET THESE TWO LOVABLE CLOWNS, WHOSE HILARIOUS ROUTINES LIVENED UP THE PAGES OF WHAT WAS OFTEN A FAIRLY DULL LINE OF COMICS. BOTH GANDY AND SOUR PUSS RETIRED FROM THE COMICS AROUND THE TIME ST. JOHN DISCONTINUED PUBLISHING TERRYTOONS SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. MIGHTY MOUSE AND HECKLE and JECKLE ARE NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE PAUL TERRY GROUP.

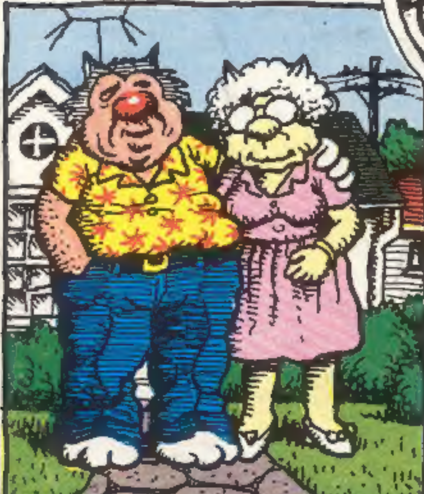


GANDY GOOSE AND SOURPUSS MADE THEIR LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS GUESTS ON THE "TONIGHT" SHOW IN NOVEMBER, 1966

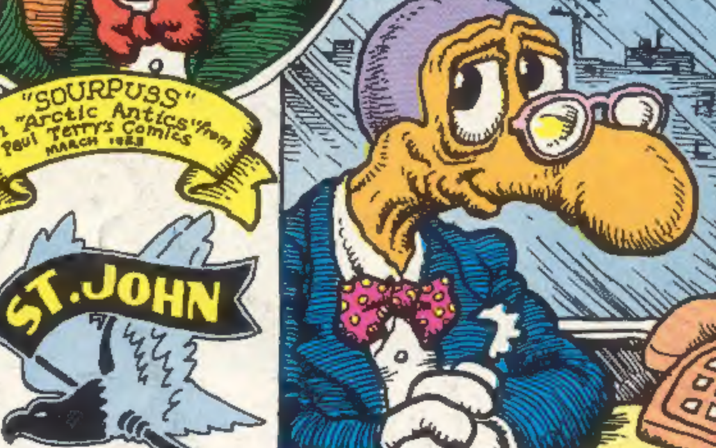
SOURPUSS (RIGHT) IN HIS HEYDAY AS THE LOVABLE CONMAN AND (BELOW) WITH HIS WIFE OUTSIDE THEIR MODEST BUNGALOW IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH OF A HEART ATTACK IN MAY, 1968.

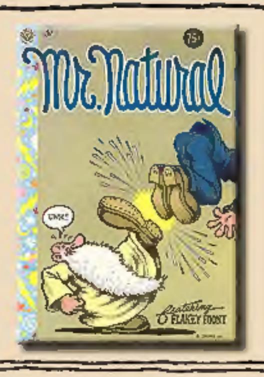


ST. JOHN



BELOW, GANDY GOOSE AS HE LOOKS TODAY. A RESIDENT OF LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA FOR TEN YEARS, HE IS NOW PART OWNER OF A USED CAR BUSINESS. IN A RECENT INTERVIEW, HE SAID RATHER WISTFULLY "I'M EXCITED ABOUT THE COMICS REVIVAL, BUT THESE NEW FELLOWS CAN'T SEEM TO PUT OUT THE KIND OF FUNNIES SOURPUSS AND ME CREATED BACK IN THE OLD DAYS"!







UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Mr. Natural #1

Published 1971?
(7th edition)
Apex Novelties
75¢
28 pages
Printrun of ? copies
6 3/8" x 9 1/4"

Stories:

2 - Sunny Side Up
3 - Mr. Natural's 719th Meditation
6 - Mr. Natural and Shuman the Human in "Om Sweet Om"
11 - The Origins of Mr. Natural
14 - The Mr. Natural Drawing Contest
16 - Little Johnny Fuckerfaster
17 - Shuman the Human
18 - On The Bum Again
27 - Mr. Natural's Old Man
28 - Where Are They Now

Artists:

Robert Crumb - 1-28
Gary E. Arlington - 15

Comments:

Pages 14 and 15 have drawings of Mr. Natural supposedly all drawn by others, but although the names used are real, most of the drawings appear to be actually drawn by Robert Crumb himself.